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Newspaper Lying.

As THE MIRROR has always been a staunch advocate and active exponent of the best principles in journalism, it is glad to note the frank and fearless manner in which President Cleveland has denounced the license and mendacity of the press at large. The proprietor of *Puck*, Mr. Joseph Keppler, recently wrote to the President requesting him to contradict a slander invented by the New York correspondent of the *Indianapolis Journal*, representing that a change in *Puck's* attitude toward the Chief Executive was due to the fact that Mr. Keppler had applied for an office in the interest of his brother-in-law, and that Mr. Cleveland had declined to grant the favor.

In his reply to the publisher the President not only brands the statement as utterly and entirely false, but bravely and forcibly expresses his views on the subject of newspaper lying in general. The members of the profession are probably more sinned against in this respect than any other class of people, except politicians, and the words of Mr. Cleveland are likely to secure unanimous endorsement among our readers. "I don't think," he writes, "there ever was a time when newspaper lying was so general and so mean as at present; and there never was a country under the sun where it flourished as it does in this. The falsehoods daily spread before the people in our newspapers, while they are proofs of the mental ingenuity of those engaged in newspaper work, are insults to the American love for decency and fair play of which we boast. * * * I cannot refrain from saying that if you ever become a subject of newspaper lying and attempt to run down and expose all such lies, you will be a busy man if you attempt nothing else."

The words of Mr. Cleveland have the indignant ring of a man who has personally suffered from the abusive uses of the types; but his remarks are justified by the general condition of the press, and they are entitled to grave consideration, emanating as they do from the man who holds the highest office within the gift-power of our Republic. We do not wish to be understood as saying that the President's strictures have a universal application. There are many newspapers that manifest a proper regard for decency and truth. But these, weighed in the balance with the mass of publications in this country of an entirely opposite character, simply form exceptions to the rule. Lurid sensationalism, reckless mendacity and habitual lewdness are the bane of American newspaperdom. Scrupulous honesty of purpose, stalwart fair-dealing are strangers to most of our leading journals. Here in New York, for example, among eight morning newspapers but two are consistent adherents to the motto *sans peur et sans reproche*, which should be blazoned in every editorial sanctum. Of the remaining six two are ably written, but venomously personal; one is frivolous and farcical, one is negative, one is brilliantly scandalous, and the last is a mammoth compendium of blatant ignorance, hysteric sensationalism, vulgar vilification and prurient filth. Actors and actresses fare quite as ill at the hands of these journals as do public officials and political candidates. They are the targets for impertinent criticism, foolish comment and degrading gossip. They are bantered, ridiculed, satirized, scandalized, lied about, and their private affairs are exposed to the vulgar inspection of a herd of readers who are eager to follow the favorites of the stage into the sanctity of their homes and domestic relations. Many of them, therefore, will appreciate the full force of Mr. Cleveland's startling statement that "there never was a time when newspaper lying was so general and so mean as at present." They will realize, moreover, the truth of the President's assertion that it is futile to correct this kind of lie or to secure righteous punishment of the liars. The vaunted "liberty of the press," about which so much is prated, is in reality a high-sounding equivalent for limitless license. Our papers will not truly embody the spirit of American right, justice and freedom until the men controlling them learn how to use and not abuse the liberty vouchsafed them. Liberty, judiciously enjoyed, is a priceless boon, not a shameful bane. Our journals are too often converted into engines of oppression and irremediable injury. We are not included among those who proclaim that the press is the voice of public opinion—it should be, but it isn't. It is generally the voice of prejudiced, irresponsible and arrogant individuals who know little and care less about the *res populi*. To think otherwise would necessitate the ridiculous assumption that our people love lies better than truth and prefer

wrong to right. The newspapers assuredly do not illustrate the ideas, tastes and opinions of our nation. It may be asked why papers notoriously unreliable in the presentation of news and disgracefully ribald in their treatment of individuals achieve remarkable prosperity. If not remarkable influence? These publications circulate largely among undiscriminating, uneducated and depraved classes, and in lieu of a better medium for acquiring information as to the happenings of the day, decent and intelligent people are forced to have recourse to them. The greed for circulation, the heated effort to outstrip competitors, prompt many journalists to employ with appalling recklessness every available avenue of news. To beat a rival, to be foremost in printing the details of a scandal, is sufficient inducement for most of them to give publicity to anything on earth. With editor and reporter a criminal abuse of privilege and

tive and useless for people who have suffered injury at the hands of unscrupulous newspapers, although for purposes of annoyance and malice they are sometimes serviceable. Suits for damages based on the publication of libels are usually *fautes*, while criminal prosecutions—probably because sufficient odium is not attached to offences of this nature—nearly always come to naught. A revision of the criminal law of libel and a stricter enforcement of it is essential to the purification of journalism. Experience has proved that the people cannot or will not discriminate in the support of worthy as opposed to unworthy newspapers; hence there is need of some sterner and more practical method of dealing with the question. Our readers must agree with Mr. Cleveland that newspaper lying is more prevalent and meaner in this country at the present time than anywhere else, and furthermore that it is impossible to stem the

from all that has been said about her, was a person rather above the average run of Parisian *coquettes*.

About a hundred years ago there lived in one of the Normandy villages a sort of half-beggar and half-prostitute named Louise Renee Plessis. She was a daughter of Marie Plessis and Claude Lejeune, a farmer. This hag had for a lover the son of an excellent bourgeois family, Marie Decours, who was a priest. A son was born to them, and was inscribed on the parish register under the name of Marie Plessis, but he was always called Marie Decours. He was, as most children born under such circumstances are said to be, handsome and well formed. He became a sort of peddler and went from village to village captivating all hearts. At Saint Germain-en-Claireville he met, in 1801, Mlle. Marie Deshayes, young, beautiful, rich and noble, and they were married. The father of Marie, Louis Deshayes,

and calculation with Marie, the peddler, a heritage of lying from her father and mother, Marie Duplessis was a notorious story-teller. When asked one day why she told so many lies, she replied that lying whitened the teeth. From the priest, Marie Decours, who was a miserable fellow, his granddaughter inherited hardly any characteristic, unless it was a vague and sentimental religious instinct which, at the close of her life, changed to a sincere feeling. From her mother's side she inherited her tender sentiment. From her grandmother, Anne d'Argenteuil, came her exquisite distinction and an aristocratic manner that made her pass for a duchess with those who did not know her. She received from her grandmother also that *faute* of real love which kindled her soul in the last days of her life, and formed around her figure a halo as it were, was dead a poetic tale. This pure love, however, mingled with an insatiable desire for economy that came from her maternal grandfather, Madeline Marry, who often dreamed of a peaceful bourgeois life between the windows of her cook and the shelves of her closet. All these deductions of the Count Constant are in fact curious, and we must think of them as our readers who are interested in finding the laws of infatuation.

Words.

And "words, words, words" with our leading eye, and our leading eye, the eye of the present day. Milton Bismarck, in his work on the "Origin of Language and Myth," speculates on the probable extinction of language. It may have been the result of the decay of speech, and he thinks to the effect that we should have had more than two thousand years ago. Bismarck would never tell this world that given to men for the convenience of the world, and Voltaire remarked that the human voice, when they pronounced before that they could give no reason for, gave words instead. He said that "The world" was the source of all things, and our own little world was to believe that "in the beginning was the word." Therefore words were made before things were not, and truly words were the things of the present time as in the past. What a world of words surrounds a small island of land, in our country—and thousands of words, leaders and legislative speeches—how the world out of thought is wrapped in words, the enveloping flames like that surrounding the little dog in Mlle. D'Anjou's story told. How a lawyer pleads "words, words, words." Like Pascal's "half-pennyworth of bread" in this intolerable dust of such "in the matter" is, native to the matter decorative. Tropes, figures, illustrations, anecdotes, jests, quotations, are dragged into the web of the argument, till the warp, like the ground of ornamental embroidery, is hidden by strange devices.

Have we not often seen and heard a well-trained, modest man, who knows his subject thoroughly, put to defeat and shame in argument by some blundering fellow, who overwhelms with oceans of verbiage, instead of "sound and fury signifying nothing," the plain, clear and temperate statements of the man well grounded in fact, but barren in speech. Even into a political meeting—what do you find there? "Words, words, words," and the words have it. Only pour out words enough and you may drown all reason in the verbal flood. Place the merest epicure of fact in the most arid soil of truth, and with a generous flow of words you may cause it to blossom into a gaudy tree of umbrageous boughs. Journalists put their writings as actors put their legs, and for the self same reason—to make them look stronger and more symmetrical. They cram their readers as cooks cram capons, and make a little real fowl go a long way toward a dinner. Were our playwrights to cut out all superfluous padding, our five-act dramas would come down to one, and that a short one.

We live on words. Without words we should find facts too hard of digestion and bitter to the taste.

Words are weapons, and the more deadly they are used, the more sure the victory. There are men who can talk one into anything, men who can talk the money out of one's pocket, and there can be no stronger proof of the power of eloquence, Peter the Hermit called the Crusaders into the Holy War. Martin Luther talked the Germans into the Reformation. The world has been talked or kicked into progress since the days of Adam, and it was by words that Eve was beguiled.

And lest out of our own mouths we should be convicted, we will waste no more words on the matter.



PAULINE HALL.

power is customary. The gatherer of news habitually romances, and is proud of the accomplishment. Words are attributed to public men, sometimes bearing upon important subjects, which they have never uttered. Lapses in a "story" are supplied by the reporter's imagination. Little pains are taken to verify reports. Rumors are given out freely as facts. No wonder that sensible people are wont to treat with suspicion much that they read. If they knew precisely the manner in which the average daily is gotten up they would be inclined to believe nothing at all. The European governments keep a watchful eye on the newspapers, particularly to prevent dangerous or seditious political utterances, and the private rights of their citizens and subjects are fairly protected. In England the law of libel is severe, and it is frequently enforced with wholesome effect. In this country the laws are practically inopera-

torrent of mendacity once it sets in a particular direction. A remedy must be adopted, for a pure press is necessary to a strong and prosperous nation. When the revulsion comes and newspapers are no longer dangerous weapons handled by cunning knaves and irresponsible fools, the profession, which has suffered innumerable outrages, will, indeed, have reason to feel grateful.

Camille.

No figure in modern French dramatic literature has been more discussed than Marie Duplessis, the girl whom Dumas *filé* has immortalized as the Dame aux Camélias, and who in the English adaptation of the piece is known as Camille. Notwithstanding all that has been written about her, it appears there is still something to say. In a recent publication the Count Constant has established the genealogy of the celebrated girl, who, it appears

was grandfather of the Dame aux Camélias. He was what is called a *mari complaisant*, for he turned his back while one of the wealthy lords of the manor made love to his wife. Six months after the marriage of Marie Deshayes and Marie Plessis the young couple quarrelled like cats and dogs. They continued to live together notwithstanding their differences, and on Jan. 16, 1824, their daughter Marie was born—this Marie that was to turn the heads of so many men and to be immortalized by the younger Dumas.

After having traced the history of Marie Duplessis' ancestors—the Dame aux Camélias called herself Duplessis—the Count Constant tries to indicate the influences which have determined the vocation and hastened the life of the Dame aux Camélias. It appears from this examination that most of the bad instincts came from the Plessis side of the house. Prostitution and debauchery with Louise, venality

At the Theatres.



A large and responsive audience gathered on Tuesday at the Union Square Theatre to see Margaret Mather in *Leah, the Forsaken*. Before the performance began the announcement was made that owing to sudden illness Milnes Levick's part of Nathan would be filled by Frank Tannehill, who had but a few hours' notice. Moseenthal's drama is sombre and tedious. The strange, weird, unhappy creature who is its heroine wins sympathy for her persecutions, but repels it with her fierceness and vindictiveness. There are but two scenes in which she is womanly, the tryst with Rudolph and the point where she is turned from his door. In the fifth act, where she curses the man who has cast her off, she is transformed into an avenging angel; her maledictions seem warmed by hell's fire, and all that we love and admire in woman disappears from the fantastical figure towering in the moonlight over the prostrate recumbent's body, pouring upon him flaming words of agony and unholy rage. It is only such a genius as Margaret Mather who can clothe a part of this forbidding nature with strong human interest. She enthralled the spectators on Tuesday evening and stirred them several times to a point of uncommon enthusiasm. There were repeated calls after every act. And truly the approbation thus generously bestowed was thoroughly deserved by the object thereof, for the actress gave a memorable personation of the character—a personation which many who recalled Kate Bateman, who played it twenty years ago, agreed was the finest ever given. When Leah made her first entrance, hounded by the fanatic villagers, her hair dishevelled, her heart panting with fear and anger combined, she presented a picture not soon to be forgotten. With the dark tresses and picturesque dress of the Jewess she was impressively handsome, and her expressive eyes, flashing defiance at her persecutors, were the faithful mirrors of a high-spirited, determined soul. The meeting of Leah and her Christian lover in the wood at night was permeated with mystic charm. It was as if a mortal were holding converse with a being gifted with vision power and prophetic agency. The doubts and fears, the trust and faith of the daughter of Judea, were alike delineated in stalling fashion, and the encompassing range of her devotion to Rudolph strikingly illustrated. Poignant pathos dominated the ensuing scene, where Leah is humiliated and cast off by Rudolph. But it was in the fifth act that the star rose to the highest excellence and aroused cheers and prolonged applause. Her delivery of the terrible curse was, indeed, magnificent. Her voice rose in accents of awful power. It was a superb declamatory achievement which repaid one for all the dreary passages of Moseenthal's play.

Frederick Paulding acted Rudolph better than the part has been acted within our range of observation. It is an ungrateful one at best, but the player, by his careful, earnest, sincere efforts, threw it into prominence, and in several of the scenes fairly shared the honors with Miss Mather. His appearance was handsome and picturesque. Mr. Tannehill, considering his sudden assumption of the character of Nathan, played it with a good deal of force. H. A. Weaver was benignant and delightfully natural as Lorenz. Edwin Cleary was not at home in the old man part of Father Herman, but he will doubtless work into the harness. Harry Eyttinge was mildly assuming as Ludwig, the village barber, and had to repeat his drunken exit in the fifth act. William Ranous was excellent in the small part of Abraham. Jeannie Harold, albeit a trifle stiff, was otherwise satisfactory as Madalena. Carrie Jamison as Dame Gertrude and Laura Johnson as Rosel were respectively efficient. The play was mounted with care, all the scenery and dresses being new and appropriate. Time and place of course precluded anything approaching showiness in the matter of accessories. Leah will be played until Feb. 6. On the Monday following, Jack-in-the-Box will have its first production in this city.

Madame Modjeska's reappearance at the Star Theatre on Monday evening attracted a large and friendly house. The comparatively long absence of this favorite artist from the local stage was no doubt the reason for the enthusiastic reception given to her on her return. When she first entered as Camille the audience was hearty and long sustained, and throughout the evening no favorable opportunity was allowed to pass without demonstrative manifestations of approbation. Modjeska was as charming as ever, and her ex-

quisitely finished impersonation of Dumas' heroine was productive of pleasure to those capable of appreciating subtle and delicate acting. Her conception of the character of Camille is minus those revolting features with which many representatives of the role have clothed it. Before the *cocotte* meets Armand she has wearied of the sham and glitter of her vicious life; she feels its emptiness and has vaguely pictured to herself a pure and happy existence. Modjeska, indeed, ennobs the whole woman and makes her sacrifice of love heroic. While she lacks sympathy in some of the emotional passages, there is, nevertheless, so much skill and finesse conspicuous in her work that admiration suffices to cause one to forget that it is not the heart but the mind to which the actress appeals.

While in England Modjeska engaged E. H. Vanderfelt for her leading man, and he made his bow to New York on this occasion as Armand. Mr. Vanderfelt is a young man of medium height; he affects long hair, and a sepulchral, Irving-like utterance; his shoulders are built up like gables and he brings them into constant requisition, evidently for the purpose of pumping up his lines. On the other hand, he is intelligent, earnest and forceful whenever that quality is demanded. He did the passionate speech at the close of the fourth act effectively and was liberally applauded for it. Mr. Vanderfelt has a clean-cut face, and although weak in features, he bids fair to become a young women's favorite, like Kyrie Bell. He has youth in his favor, and for that he should be thankful, as he has much to learn. Leslie Allen was the best Monsieur Duval we have seen. He brought feeling and power to bear on his one scene with Camille. Owen Fawcett was an airy, blithesome Gaston. James Cooper played St. Gaudens nicely. Olynpe and Nichette were both satisfactorily acted by Daisy Dorr and Kittle Wilson respectively. Kate Denin-Wilson was, of course, capable as Prudence. The piece was mounted with the shabby old stuff that forms the stock of this theatre.

On Tuesday night Modjeska appeared in a new version of Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, prepared for her by Lewis Wingfield. The piece is written in poetic and scholarly English, and is more effective for dramatic purposes than the adaptation usually presented on the stage. Mme. Modjeska as the unhappy Queen acted with winsome grace and force, wherever the latter quality was in demand. The scene with Elizabeth in the forest she made extremely effective, and her farewell was most affecting. Mr. Vanderfelt as the Earl of Leicester, Mr. Henderson as Sir Edwin Mortimer, May Shaw as Elizabeth, and Kate Denin-Wilson as Hannah, the faithful attendant of the Queen, all assisted in making the representation interesting. Last night *As You Like It* was played.

Monday evening Mme. Janauschek appeared at the Grand Opera House in *Zillah* (The Woman in Red), before a medium-sized but quite enthusiastic audience. As the Jewish mother, transformed to a fortune teller, in search of her stolen child, Mme. Janauschek moved all hearts. At the end of the third act she had four recalls, and on one or two occasions floral emblems were passed over the footlights. At the last curtain there was an enthusiastic call. *Zillah* is a tragic, sombre play—not the most pleasing in the Madame's repertoire—but it was in keeping with the elements without. Mme. Janauschek's clientele may not be the largest among the emotional actresses that appear in the Metropolis, but it is one of the most loyal, and the applause bestowed upon her *Zillah* must have been cheering indeed.

Exact criticism would not pronounce the support to be of the best, though most of the members of the company are actors who have made reputations. James Carden, known years ago as a good leading man, played a heavy villain in the most conventional Bowery style. Swathed legs, cloaked by his nose, and a swagger indescribable—if not half-Spanish—he presented a ludicrous picture in every scene. As the Count Claudio, Alexander H. Stuart was at all times manly and sometimes vigorous. George D. Chaplin had a poor part, being a sort of mild Devilshoof permeating the play—the part heroic, but keeping up a buffoonery to enliven the audience. Mr. Chaplin was not seen at his best. Miss Marston Leigh was somewhat amateurish as Francesca Donati, daughter of Zillah and foster-child of the Countess Donati. However, Miss Leigh played some of her scenes with much force, especially in the scene where she is claimed by her Jewish mother. She is slender and tall of figure—of the Mary Anderson and Kathryn Kidder mould, with some of the latter's grace of awkwardness. Eugene De Forrest's Countess is deserving of praise; it was a well-rounded performance. As Matti Twitt, a bird-catcher, Perkins D. Fisher had little opportunity to display his qualities as a comedian. As Ninetta, his wife—a soubrette role—Beatrice Lyster was excellent.

The repertoire for the week includes *Zillah*, *Bleak House*, *Mother and Son*, *My Life*, *Mary Stuart* and *Macbeth*. Then comes that droll comedian, Sol Smith Russell, who will present his new comedy, *Felix McKusick*, for the first time in the Metropolis.

The rain did not prevent a crowd from assembling at the People's Theatre on Monday evening to enjoy the frolics of the Sparks in *A Bunch of Keys*. The popularity of this attraction is as remarkable as the period it has lasted.

The entertainment was received with the usual signs of enjoyment. Marietta Nash as Teddy Keys is as charming as the creator of the part. Alice Atherton, which is saying a good deal. W. C. Crosbie is clever as Snaggs. The other parts are entrusted to excellent people, who give the piece merriment and "go." The hotel scene was capitally put on. Next week, *The Wages of Sin*.

Tony Denier's troupe drew a fair-sized audience to the Third Avenue Theatre Monday night and gave a very entertaining performance. After a rattling harlequinade in which appeared our old friend, Humpty Dumpty, a number of clever specialists appeared in a varied programme. Next Monday J. J. Dowling's Nobody's Claim company begin an engagement at this house.

Tony Pastor offers at his theatre this week a capital bill, with a decided novelty in the person of Queen Vassar, a charming little vocalist and dancer, who is pretty and whose specialties are new and attractive. She will become a favorite beyond doubt. Among the other features are Hawkins and Collins, Frank White and the ever popular William Carroll.

The Grip maintains its vise-like hold upon the public at Harrigan's Park Theatre, where the audiences are steadily large.

It is now certain that Saints and Sinners will reach the rooth representation, and we should not be surprised if it exceeded that limit, for there is no apparent abatement in the desire to see and enjoy it.

Hoodman Blind still draws very well at Wallack's Theatre, chiefly on account of the beautiful scenery, for which there is a universal chorus of admiration.

Evangeline is in its fourth month of success at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The burlesque is as bright and attractive as ever.

Kellar's entertainments at the Comedy Theatre are invariably well attended. The clever prestidigitateur and illusionist is now looked upon as a permanent metropolitan fixture.

The 500th performance of Adonis occurs this (Thursday) evening at the Bijou Opera House. The programme of the various details of the celebration of this remarkable event will be found elsewhere.

One of Our Girls is having a run of exceptional prosperity at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Howard's comedy, *Miss Davray's* impersonation of Kate Shipley and the acting of the company are commended on every side.

The engagement of Miss Vokes and her company at the Standard Theatre continues to be prosperous. She will appear there for some time yet.

The Musical Mirror.

The most important event in American musical history took place on the evening of Monday, Jan. 4, 1886. A national grand opera opened its doors to the public. Not supported by State subvention, as on the continent of Europe such institutes are fostered, but built up and paid for by the liberality of private individuals. It is one of the boasts of our country that things done by the State elsewhere, are here done by society, churches, hospitals, reformatories, museums, and now a grand opera, are established, independent of either local or national government. Hitherto this system has worked well, and we most sincerely hope that its latest outcrop may be equally happy as its precursors.

We by no means accept the first performance of the American Opera company as the gauge of its merit; we rather look on it as an augury. When such a beginning has been made, almost out of nothing, what may we not expect from future riper efforts? At present the band is the only factor in the scheme that has had time to mellow into perfection, and we boldly assert that no such body of musicians has ever supported any operatic work as the band of the American Opera company. Trained for many years under the direction of a disciplinarian who, if he were not a musician would infallibly have been a great General, paid so liberally and constantly that the purchase and possession of most valuable instruments is a thing of custom, the orchestral organization, governed by Theodore Thomas and engaged by the American Opera company, has all the reasons for perfection, and has worthily used them, with what result let the glorious volume of tone that rolls out through the vast space of the Academy, and fills every corner with harmony, tell in its own majesty of music.

The chorus, in so far as it can be judged by the slight use made of it, in the opera at present before the public, is ample, admirably taught, fresh-voiced and apt. In one most important accomplishment we have never heard its like—namely, the clear enunciation of the words. We absolutely could understand what the chorus was singing about! The chorus pronounced the words! Only think of that; and the chorus sang in one tongue. Read, mark and inwardly digest that statement! We could scarce trust our ears when we heard every syllable as distinct as if 'twere one person speaking and every word pure English! We beg

figuratively to shake the chorus by the hand collectively and express our obligation cordially.

The scenery must make the walls of the Academy blush for the sins of commission and omission they have borne the weight of hitherto. Nothing more appropriate or rich in design and detail was ever seen on any stage.

The dresses also are thoroughly good and effective; correct, too, as need be desired.

The ballet is generous in numbers, agreeable in form and feature, agile in limb, and, for the time it has been organized, deft in dance. To be sure, the class of pupils are more or less leggy, rather spindly, like a young plantation, but muscle will come with practice, and the lasses did very well. The *premieres* are very good, quite good enough, and the coryphees and second dancers are far better than we usually see.

The most satisfactory among the principal singers is beyond any doubt William H. Hamilton. His voice has all the sonority and power needed to fill a great space, and yet to sound close to the ear. He sings well, acts well, and, above all, enunciates the words plainly and distinctly; in fact, in the present cast, he is the only singer with voice enough for the occasion.

Mr. Lee sings nicely and has a pretty voice, but has not volume nor power of tone for such a part in such a theatre. In a "cantabile" part we fancy he would be very acceptable. To Mr. Fessenden the same remark applies. Mr. Stoddard has a good voice, and is heard to some advantage, and Mr. O'Mahony does justice to a part that does injustice to him. John Howson has very little to do, but does his best with that little. Miss L'Allemand has a nice soprano, looks pretty, sings nicely, for the most part, and has a fair power of *sostenuto*. Miss Bensberg likewise. Both would be good *comprimaries*, but are not entitled as yet to be styled *absolutes*.

Thus far we have nothing but praise for our National Opera; but there is no sky without clouds, no good without its evil, and we can scarce imagine how any sane committee of direction could ever have been so bereft of common sense as to select the mass of dreary platitudes and abortive attempts to be original called an opera, and attributed to a person by the name of Goetz, as the opening presentation of American opera. We have neither space nor inclination to descend upon such an ungrateful theme. The music is *bosh*—well-made, admirably instrumented *bosh*; murderous to the singers, maddening to the hearers, by reason of its pretentious imbecility. The book is as stupid as the score, and the translation is worthy of the book. Fancy a librettist who rhymes "laughter" by "daughter." The translator has evidently modelled his style upon that of the great Sunday-school poet, Dr. Watts, who rhymed thus:

Let dogs delight
To bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature so.

The Rev. J. Troutbeck, M. A., may be a very good parson, but he is a very bad librettist—even a comic opera should not be all doggerel. We wait in anxious hope for the real opening of the American Opera. The production of Gluck's immortal but seldom heard *Orpheus*, and avow that the mere announcement that such a masterpiece, unknown to the present generation in London and almost unknown in Paris, will be the second production at the National Opera, ought to enlist the heartiest sympathies and the profoundest gratitude of all lovers of music. We trust in future to hear on our national stage the great works of great masters, or the honest endeavor of earnest American composers—not the highly-spiced commonplaces of German cranks.

We regret to observe that Mr. Celli has been obliged by illness to retire from the cast of *Amorita*. His fine presence and sonorous voice raised the part of Fra Bombarda to prominence. The opera is otherwise as well given as ever, and the audience is pleased nightly. Great expectations are founded on Strauss' new opera, *The Gypsy Baron*.

The Mikado continues its run at the Fifth Avenue Theatre; the houses are full to bursting, and no symptom of a falling off is yet visible. We believe it would go for another year.

Koster and Bial's new burlesque on the opera is also crowding that pleasant retreat, and, in its way, is equally well given. There is good entertainment at Koster and Bial's, and the selections are excellent, especially the Mikado punch.

The Trumpeter of Sackingen at the Thalia is a well made but very reminiscent piece of work, well put on the stage, admirably acted, but badly sung. The best thing in the opera is the cornet solo of Mr. Hoch, who does the playing for the Trumpeter behind the scenes.

Professional Doings.

Hugh Fay will name his new musical comedy *Muldoon & Co*.

Harry Sanford is still the business manager of Maggie Mitchell.

Mortimer Murdoch has placed his Hoop of Gold on the market for '86-'87.

Nelly Kent, a Columbus (O.) lady, has joined Campbell's Clio company.

Pyke's Mikado company is reported to be at times on the verge of stranding.

J. S. Kusel has withdrawn in disgust from the management of the Lillian Lewis company.

The one-thousandth performance of *Cheek* will take place in Galveston, Texas, this week.

Monte Cristo companies are multiplying with great rapidity. The latest is *The Count of Montezuma*.

Beatrice Hamburg has left C. R. Gardiner's Southern company, and will shortly appear in burlesque.

Frank Small has left town in advance of Clara Morris, who reopens her season in Washington on Jan. 18.

G. W. Smith has bought out his partner in the Harvard Academy, at Corning, N. Y., and is now the proprietor and sole manager.

Brooklyn has recently been full of minstrel men in fur-bordered overcoats, all sneering at the thermometer average of sixty.

In Rockford, Ill., on Christmas Day, Pat Rooney's company presented him with a silver water-set—an odd present to Mr. Rooney.

It is rumored that the play to follow *Saints and Sinners* at the Madison Square Theatre will be a comedy by A. C. Gunter.

John T. McKeever, one of the box office attendants at the Madison Square Theatre, has been lying seriously ill at his home for the past week.

George Wood has joined the stock of Hyde and Behman's, Brooklyn, for the rest of the season. In his peculiar specialty work and in the get-up of afterpieces he is clever.

Manager Berger, of the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Brooklyn, E. D., during the holidays made his business manager, C. L. Woglom, a present of a diamond ring.

Bessie Bernard, whose claim to the title of "the only female press agent in America" has not yet been disputed, has been engaged to go with Louis Aldrich in *My Partner*.

Nellie Boyd has bought certain rights in *Unknown* from John A. Stevens, and is playing through the Southwest. Will C. Sampson plays the Cockney part of Jimmy in the drama.

Thomas K. Serrano and Elsie Barnes have just completed a drama, adapted from the Spanish, entitled *Donna Bianca*, and expect to produce it in this city before the season closes.

Manager G. A. Mortimer, of Roland Reed's company, dates a reduction of salaries from Jan. 1. As business is reported to have been generally good on the road, this move is not generally understood—especially by the company.

H. C. De Mille, late of the Madison Square Theatre, is writing a play for Eva Hawkins, of the Young Mrs. Winthrop company, who has the starring fever. Miss Hawkins' home is in St. Paul, where she was formerly a choir singer.

Lillian Hadley, W. J. Scanlan's leading lady, has received her stolen watch, en tour, from the Cincinnati Chief of Police. Miss Hadley did not care to personally prosecute the thief, and he therefore received but a light sentence—thirty days in the Workhouse.

By special dispensation of the Grand Lodge, Manager S. P. Norman, of the Murray and Murphy company, joined the New Haven Elks, taking two degrees. The Murray and Murphy orchestra took part in a social session that followed, and a very merry time was spent until the small hours.

Manager P. Harris presented his 321 employees with money-gifts ranging from two to ten dollars. Mr. Harris confessed that it would be impossible to suit all of his 321 people with any other gift. Manager Harris began life in the humble position of "candy-butcher" in a circus. He is now one of the wealthiest managers in the country.

Robert McIntyre became quite popular at the Third Avenue Theatre during the fortnight stay of Lester and Allen's Minstrels at that house. Mr. McIntyre is the possessor of a fine tenor voice, admirably adapted to sentimental songs, and he was nightly the recipient of several encores for this warbling.

The report that Mrs. Schilling was to leave the Casino to join Mr. Harrigan's company at the Park Theatre is untrue. Mrs. Schilling's contract with the Casino does not end until May. Some time ago Mart Hanley had a business talk with the young lady, and suggested her taking a position to fill the singing parts of the plays which Mr. Harrigan was putting on. Nothing came of it, however.

There has been trouble in the Lillian Lewis company. E. P. Myerson, the advance agent, writes that rumors as to the disbandment of the company are false, and that the company opens in Providence this week. Mr. Myerson says that certain incompetent people were discharged. In this connection, Frank de Veron, late leading man, says that salaries were in arrears; that he left the company on that account; that one Perlman, the manager, boasted of his financial resources, and that he (de Veron) didn't see how the company could open in Providence since the leading support (including himself) had seceded. From all reports the company is certainly in a crippled condition.

M. W. Tobin has resigned the management of the Comedy Theatre to become the treasurer of the Strakosh English Opera company. This company is formed from surplus material in the American Opera company. The organization will consist of seventy people, including Annie Montague, Kate Bensberg, Mathilde Philipps, Sara Barton, Mathilde Muellenbach, Charles Turner, Albert Paulet, William H. Lee, John Gilbert, Ed. J. O'Mahony and E. D. Knight. The repertoire will consist of *Carmen*, *Faust*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Martha*, *The Bohemian Girl* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. All of the scenery, costumes, etc., will be new. The season will open on Jan. 19 at Wilmington, Del.; thence to Norfolk and Richmond, Va., and further South.

The first production of Jessop and Gill's new burlesque, *Apollodite Still in the Ring*, will take place at Cleveland on Jan. 18. Among the principal people so far engaged are Harry Brown, Jenny Weathersby, Sydney Smith, Leslie Wilson, James A. Mackey, Gussie De Forrest and Jean Delmar. The piece is suggested by F. A. Anstey's *Tinted Venus*, the plot of which deals with the trials and tribulations of a barber who unwittingly places a ring on the finger of a Venus, who thereafter annoys him almost to death by following him about and claiming him as her affianced. The scenes are modern and the piece is in three acts. Harry Brown will impersonate the barber, while Gussie De Forrest will enact the statue come to life. The authors hope to make a metropolitan run, following in the steps of Adonis.

The Giddy Gusher.

The career of the Industrious Enthusiast is not always one of success; but the enthusiast without industry never succeeds. It's quite the fashion to ridicule people with a mission; but to me the person with an aim, though it be a very unsteady and unlikely-to-hit aim, is much more interesting and worthy of admiration than the ordinary matter-of-fact party who pursues his profession or calling as his father and grandfather did before him—believing eating, drinking, wearing apparel and a bank-account to be the sum total of life between the cradle and the grave. To the class I call industrious enthusiasts belongs my friend Maurice Barrymore. At a time when handsome, sentimental-looking leading men were at a premium, when Barrymore could have settled down as the *jeune premier* of any first-class theatre, and when any other young actor would have considered his cup of happiness full, and his only care that he shouldn't upset it, my bold Maurice yearned for something better than a good regular salary and a monotonous condition of uneventful prosperity. He wanted the trials of authorship and the perplexities of management, and, as far as I can see, he's got 'em.

The cable conveys us the saddest sort of information concerning the treatment of his play, *Najerda*, at the hands of the noble Briton. Barrymore is a Britisher himself, which should have been odds in his favor. His leading lady, Emily Rigi, is a German by birth. Hasn't Victoria and her kids circulated enough among the Dutch to give an artist of that nationality a pull among the loyal subjects of the present dynasty? At all events, Barrymore's play and its female exponent have been cruelly sat upon by the fair-minded Londoners. A gallery of shouting, whistling lunatics defied the decent people in the house, and Emily burst into tears and hysterics. Where is the London Captain Williams? They say it is a job put up by parties desiring to get possession of the theatre.

Good Lord! Imagine any one undertaking such a mode of procedure here! When John Stetson wanted to get the *Standard* what would have happened if he had employed a gang of hoodlums to scoff at Duff's Mikado? Alexander and his horde would have descended on 'em as the locusts do on Kansas, and the places that know them would know them no more. This is a blamed free country, but it ain't too free, and I never saw actual barbarity shown to the worst fakir; whereas, in London I have seen an unhappy actor, or a play that failed to please, treated with full-grown cannibalism.

Robert Heller gave a private performance before the Emperor of Soerabaya (I think that's the name) and his forty-six wives and ninety-six cucumbers. The ladies wore lockets and feather-fans. The Emperor was clothed in his own integrity and a sword-belt. After the bowl and gold-fish trick, they set up a bowl of "Beer-a-wunka-bad!" Which meant, "He is the Devil!" And they roared and yelled so he closed the show, and his hair—all he had of it—stuck up so he didn't wear a hat in a week.

In London, when the natives conclude an entertainment is not going to pan out just right, they raise the cry of "Beer-a-wunka-bad!" and down it. When gentlemen—that is, men with crush-hats and white gloves, escorting décolleté women—begin to come in, they pass remarks across the auditorium. They speak to the boxes, who reply to the stalls. They make strange noises; they applaud at the wrong spots. They asked the tall and stately Emily Duncan on this occasion to "cut it;" they invited the actors by name to come off and get a bottle of fizz at the corner. They created as great a disturbance as ever the Count Joannes performance of Richard did. They cat-called till a poor, despairing, white-faced little author crept on, like a pink-eyed rabbit, at the wings, and then when the pitiful face of the little man should have disarmed further unkindness, they raised such an ironical howl as it was hard to believe came from civilized throats.

Poor, dear Barrymore and the willowy Rigi have both had a taste of this treatment, and I am heartily sorry for them. The author-actor is an industrious, ambitious fellow, and the actress has more than the usual amount of brains or she would have danced on her way and never essayed better things, as she did when she left the ballet and became the pretty *ingenue* of an up-town stock company.

Another Industrious Enthusiast, here in New York, is Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*. It's just about a dozen years ago, in St. Louis, that Pulitzer took part in a conversation concerning New York newspapers. There was Stillson Hutchins, of the *Dispatch*, as cool and imperturbable as an ice-pitcher; you could go skating all 'round him. There was Joe McCullagh, of the *Globe*, as mercurial as the thermometer. There was William Hyde, of the *Republican*, as pleasant and as placid as a full of bright things as the decanter on the table. And prancing about, now sunning himself before the soft-coal fire, now perching on the arm of a sofa, lighting a cigar at a burner ten feet from the floor, his tall, slight figure never in one place ten minutes at a time, was Joseph Pulitzer. At that epoch his fortunes, like his person, had no permanent attachment to any particular place or pursuit.

Four brighter, cleverer men you couldn't scare up in all the Southwest, where smart men abound. And the talk ran on New York and its papers. McCullagh had some idea at that time of coming to this city and doing something or other on that old sterna-wheeler, the *Herald*. Hyde, who has as many safety provisions as a modern flat-house, and never errs through recklessness, pleaded with the young Irish patriot to stick to St. Louis as a town unlikely to be submerged, or sacked, or shook up, as he understood the *Herald* building was once a month.

Hutchins didn't advise; he always took a Satanic delight in seeing his friends wade in. He stood smiling on the shore till the undertow took 'em, when he'd throw out a life-line, bring 'em in, and give 'em a banquet.

After any amount of talk on the subject, Pulitzer, leaning on the mantel, suddenly loomed up.

"McCullagh is right," said he. "A man can vegetate here for years; the finest ability cannot give more than local prominence to a paper; but publish that paper in New York,

by all that's wonderful, it's having a walk-over!

Oh! the Industrious Enthusiast business pays. I think I'll go into it myself and show you what can be done by the

GIDDY GUSHER.

Alphonse Daudet's Sapho.

PARIS, Dec. 23, 1885.

M. Alphonse Daudet's *Sapho*, arranged from his novel by himself and M. Adolphe Belot, is the important theatrical event of the moment, and for many reasons it is worth the while to speak of it at some length. Certainly we shall have no other piece this season that will attract so much attention. I do not believe I am mistaken in predicting that *Sapho* will be played longer than *Georgette*. No piece inspired by Daudet's books has been so favorably received as *Sapho*, and no piece has been so frankly realistic. Now, some of the old frequenters of the Gymnase would be surprised if they could return to earth and see what an audaciously naturalistic piece has been produced upon the stage hitherto reserved for the comedy of manners! It is always a difficult

the degradation of a union cemented only by habit and the attraction of the senses are admirably portrayed by simplicity of means and a subtle cleverness of execution.

In constructing the piece, the authors have made *Sapho* several years younger than she is in the novel. When the drama opens Jean Gausin has been comfortably installed in a bachelor's apartment by his Uncle Cesar and Aunt Divonne, and this worthy provincial couple leave him poring over his studies that are to make him a consul. No sooner have his kinsmen quitted him than *Sapho* makes her appearance. She has met Gausin at a ball given by Dechelette, and after a short acquaintance he had lost sight of her. She has tracked him to his new abode, and by her insinuating manners she brings him back to his early passion. This is the beginning of their liaison. Who is *Sapho*, and why this name, which evokes such charming souvenirs of Greece? In the second act we are told the history of this frail but seductive person. She has by her intelligence and adroitness completely captivated Jean; she has sold all her furniture and installed herself *à la loi*. One

in a desperate manner. "Be calm, my turn," says Caondal, and in his turn, in spite of all the revelations, Jean Gausin is fascinated and loses his modern Marou. This second act is long and gay. Several of the characters are only indicated in the book because of types, such as all who know Paris know life have often met in their path. They are finely observed and admirably grouped.

In the third act Jean and Fanny are living in their lived cottage. By an indiscretion Jean learns that Fanny plans to marry him, and he also discovers that the little Jeanette, whom she has adopted, is Flammant's son. Fanny, the past, Jean demands the sacrifice of all his old love-letters, which she has preserved in a casket. Fanny consents to turn over the casket, but even this sacrifice does not win him the lover. Quoted towards evening, Jean comes to the rupture, which takes place in a scene that is extremely bold. Jean returns to his uncle Cesar, at Caumont, where he goes to seek happiness in the calm of domestic surroundings. In this act we are introduced to the Hettama couple, to Fanny's father, the taxidermist, and to Flammant, the poet and the miller domestic. All these secondary characters are brought into bold relief and admirably grouped around the two principal personages. Although brutal and violent, this act is perfectly true. After Jean's return to Caumont, Fanny continues to write him letters, which he never reads. Then she goes to him and begs him to return to her. For the moment he has the force to resist these entreaties, and he is strong and well arranged under the former separate. Fanny returns to Ville d'Avray, where she had her in the last act, and is pardoned out of prison, has visited her. Having she has lost Jean forever, she promises to follow the engraver to another town, where he has gone with his son. All this is Gausin's suggestion. The old doctor has been back again. He hasn't got the cure, but he has been appearing around in Caumont and wishes to take Fanny with him. "But I have promised to write my memoirs," she says. "No! Write to him that you are so much with me!" Fanny apparently consents, but is exhausted by her journey Jean tells Jeanette, frightened at the idea of leaving Fanny, suddenly seizes a pen and writes a letter to Flammant, but to Jean. The reader can see the reason why she has changed her intention. She has loved him too much; she has not the need of being loved herself. "The two best," she writes, "we have to make ourselves happy and be happy, for you and your son are the again." Then she turns back and turns away. The curtain falls for the second time on the drama, thus faithful to the novel and original treatment.

I have only indicated the outline of this powerfully original piece. Many other things we had to see a picture of real life, fully observed, as simply and clearly as possible. By the side of the novel, however, the authors have placed more dramatic incidents that lighten up the serious drama and make it to have a less disagreeable reputation than the book. M. Adolphe Belot, who wrote the role of *Sapho*, is perfect in all respects, except the dramatic part of the dialogue. He forces her talent, which is powerful, firm and delicate. Daudet is not without his poetry. He is an actor whose good will to show his means. He has never yet succeeded in ridding himself of natural intonation, but all his efforts. Still, his fine sense, his sincerity, perfect sense and possible position, are qualities that make him a favorite with the public. The rôle of Dechelette is played by Landrol in a masterly fashion.

All of Daudet's characters are sketched from real life. He is a most intelligent observer, and from his numerous notes he has drawn the material that gives to each perfect creation. The antecedents of two of the characters in *Sapho*, Dechelette and Jean Gausin, may interest your readers. In real life Dechelette was called Jean Thiercelet, and Jean Gausin was a model, known simply as Laurent. Thiercelet was about forty, and was one of the frequenters of the Café de la Rochefort. Very reserved with men, he was quite the reverse with women; who, for some strange inclination that he exercised over them, loved him sincerely. But his theory of "love without morrow" always prevented his attaching himself to any particular one. Laura, after the death of her husband, was thrown, homeless upon the pavement and gathered in by an artist, who made her his model. At the time she met Thiercelet and immediately fell in love with him. Their liaison was an intermittent one, owing to Thiercelet's theory. In the Winter of 1875, Laura took an apartment in the Rue La Bruyère, and while she had hitherto pretended to ignore Thiercelet's indifference, she then began to watch him. One evening she saw him leave the Rue Mort with a rival. She followed them to his house in the Rue de Donal, and as soon as they entered she rang the bell. There was a scene. Laura returned home and swallowed poison. Thiercelet ran to her apartment as soon as he heard the news. For eleven days and nights Laura suffered torture; then death came to her relief. Thiercelet, finding that he had been so loved by his model, was taken with remorse, and in less than a month afterward put an end to his existence by swallowing thirty grains of chloroform.

It is this true and touching story that Daudet has reproduced with such effect in his fourth act.



and it becomes a power in no time. I've been thinking it over since I stood here. I'll have a paper of my own in New York."

He spoke of it very much as if it were a Fall overcoat. There were reasons why this speech was greeted with cheers, and it got 'em.

Dear Joe McCullagh is sticking to an editorial chair in St. Louis to-day. My sweet William is the boss of the St. Louis Post Office, and can get even with his enemies by sending their love-letters to the Dead-Letter Office in Washington. My beloved Hutch has divided his time between political warfare and iron-mining, waxing wealthy and wise. But Joseph—the fiery, untamed foreigner, Pulitzer—has got a paper of his own. He wanted the earth and he has got the *World*, and what he has done with it in a few years seems like the fable of Jack and his lively bean. A little over two years ago Oakley Hall was tenderly nursing it, rocking its cradle all night, doing all the writing, conducting all the business, and was bringing it up on condensed milk and oatmeal. In jumps my friend Pulitzer; breaks the nursing-bottle; gives it raw beef and a sand-bag for a few weeks, and chuckles it into the ring as an undownable champion. And,

and delicate task to dramatize a novel. The number of really good pieces that have thus been made is very limited. The reason for this is not difficult to find. The stage lives by movement and life, and a dramatic author has not the time for the development of scenes, details and characters that are necessary in the novel. Whenever you read an interesting book and afterward see a piece that has been dramatized from it, you will be sure to find the novel superior to the play. *Sapho* is no exception to the rule, and if the authors have made a capital acting piece, it is because they have not attempted to follow the novel closely, but have simply taken from it those scenes that were capable of illustrating its general idea. To transport from the book to the stage the difficult subject of illegitimate unions was not an easy thing, even in these realistic days, and to present so thorny a subject on the stage of the Gymnase was an audacious enterprise that ran great risk of failure. Thanks to the skill of Messrs. Daudet and Belot, the task has been successfully accomplished, and the result of their united labor is an interesting, moving and emotional drama, full of reality and humanity. The misery, the servitude, the despair,

day they go to Ville d'Avray to look for a Summer cottage, and they breakfast at a restaurant overlooking the pond immortalized by Corot. It is at this restaurant, that we see several of *Sapho*'s old admirers and hear the story of her life. While awaiting his mistress, who has gone to look at the cottage, in comes Dechelette with Alice Doré, Caondal, the sculptor, Potter, the musician, with Rosa Rosaris and La Bordère, the poet. Caondal asks Jean what has become of *Sapho* since the ball, and Jean, not knowing that Fanny Legrand and *Sapho* are one, fails to comprehend the question. Then Caondal tells him that Fanny is celebrated as *Sapho*, because she posed as the model for his statue of the famous Lesbian that is to be seen in all the windows. Wanting to know more, Caondal tells Gausin of the deplorable antecedents of his mistress; how she has passed from one hand to another, and how her last lover, Flammant, the engraver, is now in prison for counterfeiting bank-notes so as to supply her needs. Jean is momentarily horrified by these revelations, and he quits the table; when Fanny returns she surmises that her past has been described to her new conquest. Furious at her old acquaintances, she storms and raves



whether the story was true, and do not care. I at-
know that the incident was a very pretty one and
my lover at once for the first time in his life
his debut on the stage.—Edward E. Rice
town on Sunday.—It is reported that Arthur
Benson will soon return to his part of the road
to near Ke-Ko will, however, be in Macarthy
photographers, have issued a large fine tar-
get at Higin Delano in Pitt-Sling. If all his
advertisers say, it is artists will be kept in mind
to near Ke-Ko will, however, be in Macarthy
the Higin Delano. She has brought several
from direct from Paris, which she will wear
the occasion will be a very fine one.
Brook's engagement, and Julius Caesar will
be given, and there will be a great success
the season with The Comedy of Errors, which
will be the last of the season. The change
of the changes hinted at will be made
to be, Arthur Wilkinson returns
who will be the first of the season, and the new
who came from Arthur's
Arthur's, and who has
performing under Mr.
will be a new lot

Olympic Theatre (Pat Short, manager): The candidate for honors in the farcical line of comedy is Harrison and Gourlay's *Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire*, had a fairly good week's run, against bad weather, and a generally considered "joke" on the part of the audience. The play is unusable to his part, sickness in Chicago detaining him in one hospital there. Skipped by the Light of the closed engagement *Ed*. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Flaherty.

Grand Opera (John W. Norton, manager): *Fourth's Humpty Dumpty* co. with a funny make a white elephant, and a number of excellent features, had a fair patronage throughout the week. Joseph Murphy in *Kerry Gow* opens *Ed*.

Pope's (Charles Pope, manager): Almost been drawing excellently all week, her repertoire of in English being attractively presented. She met a handsome reception in *Man's Liable* and *Divorced* both of which she appeared at her best. May B.

Standard Theatre (William H. Smith, manager): *Kerr's Candide* in *A Pair of Kids* had a good week

Kahn, a burlesque ballet on the Kirslys being cast as four men while Billy Brown's popularity seems to become less, as surely as he seems unable to grow older.

The Rankin management contemplate London Assurance after their return to the California coast, where the company has been engaged by the manager of Salvini when he comes to the Baldwin February.—The Haoleos in Fantasma follow Salvini at the Baldwin.—Gustave Kahn, the manager of King's Theatre, will come to the city next week, his attraction by his courteous treatment of the Tom trons.—J. R. Marshall, an old-time circus master formerly a partner of the late Lee of Australia, will come to the city next week.—The New York Change of bill and new people, too numerous to mention, this week at Seignis's Vienna Gardens.—The manager of the Tivoli, the latter gentleman came himself with John, the costumer, owing to trouble with eyes.—Jacob Cottlieb, treasurer of the Brooklyn Athletic Club, will come to the city next week on Howard street.—Manager A. Hayman departs for New York City with his family Tuesday, being accompanied across the Bay by a large number of friends.

performance of the opera we've ever had. Larini, the young tenor, received much attention. A better tenor has not been heard here in many years. The other operas presented were correspondingly given. Michael Strogoff, 4th; Harrison and Goetz, 11th; Mr. and Mrs. Florence, 18th; an English Lady Days, 25th; Maggie Mitchell, Feb. 1; Evans

Dolan's New Opera House (William Dolan, manager)
Bartley Campbell's Paquita co. 1st to good house

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The Usher.



Meet him who can't. The artist said him, poor.
—Lora's Lash's Look.

Mr. Hill was in a quandary on Tuesday when word came to him that Milnes Levick was ill and could not play Nathan, in Leah, that night. Louis Aldrich had often said in a jocular way to Hill that he wanted to play Nathan for him some day. In this emergency the manager took him at his word and Aldrich consented, but with inward trepidation, for he had not looked at the lines since he played the part with Kate Bateman in Boston nineteen years ago. But he was relieved from his anxiety shortly, when it was discovered that no dress could be found ready made that would girth the actor. And so in this juncture Frank Tannehill jumped into the breach, recovered Nathan in three hours although he had been a stranger to it for nine years, and was well-nigh perfect for the performance. These sort of feasters are only worn nowadays by our veterans. The young one-part-a-year chaps must have a week to study every length and as much more time to rehearse an act.

A correspondent—evidently referring to Kyle Bellew—asks the following conundrum: "Why doesn't somebody take a certain leading actor in a certain leading theatre in hand and teach him what is called deportment? I saw him come twice before the curtain the other evening, in response to a call, with his right hand in his pocket. Poor fellow! His hands are always in his way."

Among the exceptions to the list of sensational, scandal-mongering newspapers, which are described and characterized in an article on "Newspaper Lying" printed elsewhere, I wish to mention the *Star* of this city. Under the able editorship of Gov. Dorsheimer it has in a brief space of time earned an admirable reputation for cleanliness, ability and literary quality of a superior order. Nothing is admitted to its editorial or news columns that is unfit to be read aloud at the breakfast table, and that is more than can be said of most of its contemporaries. The *Star* deserves the hearty support of all people who are in sympathy with the cause of decent journalism and who can appreciate a lively, enterprising and withal irreproachable newspaper. The work of establishing a clean and profitable journal in a city whose press generally teems with frivolity, filth and personality, offers many obstacles, but Gov. Dorsheimer seems to be brilliantly overcoming them.

The news of Tom Keene's sudden misfortune in Kansas City on Sunday night, has caused universal regret wherever it has reached the members of the profession. Keene is an exceptionally popular man. He is liked similarly by the great and the humble people of the stage. He has hewn out his position by hard labor and unwavering singleness of purpose, working up from the humblest rank to that of a successful tragic star. It is evident that the paralytic stroke which attacked him so suddenly has occasioned the gravest fears. A telegram from Kansas City received by a gentleman in this city states that the company have disbanded and are en route here, where they will arrive to-day.

Harry Miner is a small charitable institution all by himself. The other day he went to Brooklyn on reading of the case of the poor woman, Mrs. Henninger, whose husband was suddenly stricken by death on Christmas, and took the widow and her six children to a large store, where he gave the salesmen *carte blanche* to tog them out in warm and serviceable clothing, and then provided the youngsters with pocket-money and trinkets. These are the sort of managerial deeds that it is a pleasure to chronicle occasionally.

The newspaper liar has been abroad again among the profession, and this time Fanny Davenport and J. M. Hill are the victims of two separate falsehoods. The Philadelphia *Times*, a usually correct journal, in a recent issue stated that Miss Davenport was not the daughter of the late E. L. Davenport, but of Mr. Gill, her mother's first husband. This statement is an outrageous fabrication. Miss Davenport was the first daughter of the celebrated actor whose name she bears with honor and distinction, and the imaginative idiot who

wrote the *Times* article should know it, if he knows anything.

The other newspaper liar, who devoted his attention to Mr. Hill, did not try to rob him of his name, but of his fortune. He sent a dispatch to the Chicago dailies the other day stating that Hill was on the verge of bankruptcy and would shortly close up his theatres and other enterprises. An editor there telegraphed to his representative here to interview the manager and get at the truth. The reporter called on Hill, who laughed quietly on learning the nature of his errand and turned over for inspection his two bank-books and cheque-books. The press man figured over them for a time and finally arrived at the fact that Mr. Hill had just \$47,000 on deposit in actual currency—a mere flea-bite beside his vast investments, theatrical and commercial.

"I told the young man," said Mr. Hill to me yesterday, "that I didn't care to have him telegraph the result of his investigations to Chicago. Malicious statements concerning my business affairs don't bother or hurt me, for I do business on a strictly cash basis; I want no credit and ask for none. So if my credit were ruined completely it wouldn't annoy me a particle: I should go on paying for everything I got exactly as I have always done. It is the rule at all my theatres to pay each week for every current expense."

Overheard in Williamsport, Pa., the other day:

Two natives discussing Fanny Davenport's Fedora.

First Native: "How did you like the show?" Second ditto: "First-rate! But what a big mistake was made at the end. Spoiled the whole business."

F. N.: "What was it?"

S. N.: "Why, that big fellow what put Fedoras onto the sofa. He didn't fix her right, and she fell off and just killed the whole thing!"

This illustrates one of the pleasures of playing to country audiences.

Frank Celli left for England yesterday by the *Arizona*. He resigned his part at the Casino on Saturday and the doctor ordered a dose of salt air immediately to blow the malaria out of his system. Celli will come back in the Autumn to produce a new opera and establish an agency here for an English company which manufactures an excellent street-paving composition now in use in the London dockyards and other places. He has made many friends during his stay, and this unlooked-for departure of his will be regretted by them and by the Casino audiences, with whom he had become a decided favorite.

I trust that the attendance at the benefit of Henry A. Thomas, the artist, which is to take place at the Academy on the afternoon of Monday, Jan. 25, will be as good as the bill that has been arranged. Many gentlemen prominent in managerial and journalistic circles have the affair in charge, and they have found the profession most generous in co-operating with them. The entertainment will present a rare array of artists in a varied programme. One of the pleasantest features of this affair is the promptness and unanimity with which Mr. Thomas' former business rivals have tendered their aid.

The Rights to Camille.

Daniel Frohman sends the following notes concerning the claims of W. Irving Bishop to royalties for Camille: "The play of Camille popularly known in this country under that title, was originally brought to this country about 1854 by Marguerite Jean Davenport, now Mrs. General F. W. Lander, at present in Washington. She translated and adapted the original French play for her own use in this country. She gave it the name of Camille. This title, however, had nothing to do with Dumas' play. She borrowed that name from another French play entitled Les Horaces, Camille being the heroine. This title was duly copyrighted by Mrs. General Lander in the District Court of Philadelphia in 1854. Two years afterward Mathilda Heron, who was unable to obtain permission from Mrs. Lander to use her play, produced a garbled version of the drama and copyrighted it in Cincinnati. These facts are brought to light in view of the recent attempt by W. Irving Bishop, the mind-reader, of London, to compel Mme. Modjeska to pay royalties for her performances of Dumas' famous drama. In fact Mr. Bishop had previously been successful in actually obtaining money from several ladies in London for the performances of the play over which he said the late Mathilda Heron had granted and assigned to him the full rights. Upon notification from Mr. Bishop Mr. Frohman placed the matter in his lawyers' hands, and since then Mr. Bishop's legal representatives have had nothing further to say about the matter. Mrs. General Lander has never troubled any artist for performing the play, but has always accorded full liberty for its use."

Violet Cameron's Coming.

Henry French has received the prospectus of the Violet Cameron London Opera company, which intends coming over to this country next season, playing here from Oct. 1, 1886, to July, 1887, and if the season warrant it, devoting the following year to a return tour and a trip to Australia. The company will be headed by Violet Cameron—who has never yet appeared here—supported by a number of picked London favorites. The repertoire of the company will include two new operas, given for the first time in America, besides a

number of old popular works. The stage will be under the direction of H. B. Farnie. "In my opinion," said Mr. French to a *Mirror* reporter yesterday, "the opera company will be a great success. There is a solid English syndicate back of the scheme. Miss Cameron is a great star in opera on the other side. She is a very pretty woman, with a splendid voice."

The Cherubs.

William H. Crane passed through the city on Monday en route to Baltimore, where the company opened in the Comedy of Errors that evening. During his brief stay at the St. James Hotel, the omnipresent *Mirror* reporter accosted him, and after some effort obtained a brief interview.

"The success of The Comedy of Errors has been overwhelming," said Mr. Crane. "The only thing that throws the slightest shadow over it, is the grumbling which emanates from Mr. Robson, my esteemed contemporary, when he has to put his padding on of a warm evening. Last year was a bad year, and we made \$37,000. This year, for the fifteen weeks, our gross receipts—in excess, mind you, of those for the corresponding time last year—are \$40,000. In Chicago for two weeks we played to \$18,000, and in the corresponding length of time in Philadelphia, to \$10,000. In Indianapolis and Cleveland, which are generally considered pretty bad towns, we played to the fullest capacity of the houses. In five days in Louisville we played to \$5,700. In Boston we put on new costumes and added a number of new people. Our great outlay in mounting The Comedy of Errors in good style is more than paid back to us, and we shall continue to play in the piece all next season. It will, we think, make a revolution in the mounting of Shakespearean comedy."

Mr. Russell's New Comedy.

George E. Gouge, business manager of Sol Smith Russell, arrived in town this week. Of course Mr. Gouge sounds the trumpet for Mr. Russell's new comedy, Felix McKusick, which he pronounces to be a much better vehicle than Edgewood Folks for the display of the comedian's versatility. He predicts a week of hilarious fun at the Grand Opera House.

"The first act of McKusick will highly amuse newspaper men," said Mr. Gouge. "It depicts the trials of the editor of The Rocket. The editor selects that name because he doesn't know how soon the paper will go up. It does go up, and the editor turns his attention to running a dime museum and to other ventures. The fun never flags from the rise of the curtain. Considering the state of the times, Mr. Russell's season thus far has been phenomenal. The play has been well received everywhere, unfavorable press notices being especially scarce."

Some Points About Dixey.

The young man who rounds up his five-hundredth performance of Adolfs at the Bijou Opera House to-night (Thursday) passed his twenty-sixth birthday the day before. Henry Dixey is a native of Boston, and has almost been brought up in a theatre. While a mere lad he played Peanuts in Under the Gaslight. His rare gift of mimicry was early discovered, and he became the peculiar protégé of the company at the Howard Athenaeum for several years.

Fame began to dawn upon the youthful Dixey in 1875, when he assumed the half of the heifer in Evangeline at the Globe Theatre. He has been nearly ten years under Mr. Rice's management. During these years he has created a round dozen roles in melodrama, comedy, comic opera, farce and burlesque, and has appeared in at least fifty characters in all classes of stage productions. He is probably the most versatile comedian on the American stage, as he certainly is the youngest to attain such a prominent position. It is Mr. Dixey's ambition to be seen in legitimate comedy—he has no particular love for the other departments of the stage. As to his probable success in this line opinion is divided.

Between Mr. Dixey and his manager, Mr. Rice, there is a strong bond of friendship. They may have had slight business disagreements at times, but they are firm in their loyalty to each other.

Mr. Sanger's Latest Purchase.

Messrs. Sanger and French have just bought the American rights to Sims and Pettit's latest drama, Harbor Lights, which was produced for the first time at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on the 23d ult. Mr. Sanger will manage the piece and probably undertake its production in this city if he can get the right sort of theatre and time for an extended run. The play was enthusiastically received at the Adelphi, and according to critics whose opinions are entitled to respect, it deserved to make a hit. The following description will give an idea of the plot:

The play opens on the jetty of the little village of Redcliffe-on-the-Sea, where the whole fishing population are grouped round the coastguard station to welcome the return of their friends and sweethearts from among the crew of H. M. S. *Britannic*, which has just put in at the neighboring port of Plymouth. Hearty are the greetings when the tars at length arrive, but none so affectionate as those between their young officer, Lieutenant Kingsley, and his sweetheart, Dora Vane. Kingsley and Dora had been lovers from childhood, and the Lieutenant is now resolved to get leave of absence, and with it the consent of Dora's guardian, Captain Nelson, to their immediate marriage. The lovers' interview is intruded upon by Frank Morland, the young master of the neighboring hall. Frank is a debauchee and a ruined gambler, who has learned (what Kingsley has not) that the orphan Dora has recently inherited a large sum of money, and, eager to employ this in the repair of his own battered fortunes, he asks *de but en blanc* for Dora's hand. When Kingsley tells him he is too late, he sets his wits to work to avert the impending marriage, and he hits upon the scheme of enticing Dora to the Hall, of keeping her a prisoner there through the night, and so blasting her reputation. When the curtain rises on the second act a month has elapsed. It is the eve of Kingsley's wedding, and it is also the moment chosen by Frank Morland for putting his scheme into effect.

His plans for the moment succeed. He has given the finishing touch to his business by the deception and betrayal of Lina Nelson, the daughter of Dora's guardian, and this same night she has ventured to the Hall to seek her betrayer and implore him to marry her. Dora, learning this and finding that Lina has taken her father's revolver with her, determines to follow, and it is thus that Frank, having turned a deaf ear to the piteous entreaties of his victim, suddenly finds his plans crowned by the unlooked-for appearance of Dora. He seizes her, reveals his purpose, and is in the act of struggling with the shrieking girl, when Kingsley bursts through the window and fells him to the ground. Punishment is not so long delayed, for an old lover of the girl he has betrayed, one Mark Helstone, has followed Lina to the Hall, and, maddened with jealousy and finding her with her betrayer, takes up the pistol she has brought and shoots Frank Morland dead. It is now the turn of villain number-two. This is the Squire's cousin and successor, Nicholas, a former shipmate of Kingsley's. He has been dismissed the service for a disgraceful offence, mainly on the Lieutenant's evidence. Accident has revealed to him the actual murderer, Helstone, whom he straightway bribes to leave the country. The only witness, Lina, has disappeared, no one knows whither. Frank, it can be proved, was at the hall on the night of the murder, and the crime shall be fastened on him. Everyone in the audience knows, or thinks he knows, what to expect. This, remember, is Kingsley's wedding morning, and Nicholas will, of course, have him arrested at the very church door.

After the marriage, upon the deck of the *Britannic* Nicholas brands Kingsley with the crime. As no warrant is yet out for his arrest, he sees himself compelled to sail, without a chance of defending himself from this horrible charge, and to leave his wife to the mercies of Nicholas' slanderous tongue. The ship is about to be cleared of strangers before the moment of departure when an Admiralty dispatch arrives, appointing Kingsley to the command of a gunboat on the home-station with leave of absence for two months. From this point the interest, instead of falling off, develops into situations of the basest excitement. Kingsley, tracked by Nicholas Morland and his detectives, who have now obtained a warrant, is himself on the track of the missing witness, Lina, whom he at last finds a prisoner in the murderer Helstone's cottage, while he is engaged in a deadly struggle with Helstone. The latter's mother drags away the girl and throws her, or allows her to fall, over the cliff. Kingsley, pursued on the one side by the detectives, on the other by his wife and friends, throws himself over the top of the cliff after Lina, who is lying senseless below, and then, by an instantaneous change, the scene changes inside-out or upside down, so magically is the thing done, and Kingsley is seen descending the perpendicular side of the cliff, hand over hand, while huge billows dash over the senseless form of Lina at the foot. Just as the rising waves, lashed into fury by a storm, are washing them from their hold of the rock, they are saved by a boat's crew despatched to their rescue, and down comes the curtain on the fourth act. The fifth act of The Harbor Lights is as interesting as any that have gone before. The storm is still at its height; a crowd is gathered at the mouth of the harbor with the revolving light flashing overhead; the spray dashes over the breakwater, wetting the anxious watchers. They are waiting for the return of the lifeboat, which has put out in search of the missing party. After an interval of suspense, rescuers and rescued safely arrive. Kingsley, bearing in his arms the witness of his innocence.

Professional Doings.

Grace Hawthorne is about to appear in Oliver Twist in San Francisco.

Frank A. Cole has been engaged to go in advance of James Owen O'Connor.

Mme. Janish held a reception on Saturday last at the Windsor Hotel, in Montreal.

The Murray and Murphy company were the guests of the Merides (Ct.) Elks on New Year's.

William Crehan, Oliver Byron's brother-in-law, is now in advance of The Inside Track.

A horny-handed son of toil of Pittsburgh has proposed to and been accepted by the Big-Footed Girl.

Lizzie Jeremy, who has been suffering for some weeks with a sprained ankle, has gone to her home in Pittsburgh.

Henry French has been ill since last Thursday. It is thought, however, that he will be out again in a few days.

Walter Bentley has been engaged for leading business in a Called Back company that will shortly take the road.

Jul. S. Kovel asks us to state that he severed his connection with the Lillian Lewis Creole company on Wednesday.

Wife and Child, by Fred. Maeder and McKee Rankin, is announced as having had a successful production in San Francisco.

Lennie Miles, son of R. E. J., in connection with his cousin, Harry Lewis, will probably look after the affairs of the Bijou in Boston.

Pauline Hall will have the leading part—that of a young Gypsy girl—in the coming production of The Gypsy Baron at the Casino.

Lyda Haines and Little Ethel have been engaged by Dore Davidson to appear in Lost at Harry Miner's Brooklyn Theatre next week.

Lawrence Barrett has begun preparations for the production, on an elaborate scale—at the Star Theatre on Feb. 1—of Victor Hugo's Hernani.

On Jan. 23, The Rat-Catcher will end the original eight weeks' run set for it at Niblo's. On Jan. 25 the spectacle will be transferred to the Boston Theatre.

May Haines, a clever little actress, has been engaged by Thomas N. Doughty, the temperance exhorter, to give recitations at his lectures throughout the country.

A new play, entitled Caught in a Corner, written by Mr. Shaw, dramatic critic of the Cincinnati *Evening Post*, will be produced at the Odeon in that city on Jan. 23.

The two Haverly minstrel troupes recently united in a performance in Chicago. The receipts were the largest ever known for a performance of this kind in Chicago.

Harry C. Egerton, manager of Lester and Allen's Minstrels, was presented by the members of the troupe on New Year's eve, at the Third Avenue Theatre, with a handsome gold watch, suitably inscribed. The stage manager, Mr. Kellogg, made a presentation speech on the stage in the presence of the audience.

E. P. Smith and Ben Lodge, the comedians, are in their normal humor. Bennett and Moulton's *Opium* comedians. They have grown up from boys in the ranks.

H. E. Wheeler, who has been operating the Farmer's Daughter company for six months, was presented by his manager, C. E. Goodnet, recently with a pair of diamond-mounted cuff-buttons.

A drama from the pen of Morland Morloch, entitled Paved Truth, which has been successfully presented in England, will be presented at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, on March 25.

Theatre parties are becoming quite frequent at Harrison's Park Theatre, where The Grip is still running to good success. There are mainly composed of people from neighboring towns.

Manager Frank Murtha is pushing the work on the New Windsor Theatre, and now hopes to open by February. He has his eye on a popular star. Next week the team will be put in place.

Patil Rosa is locked by a "Team" policeman for five years—on the interval a *Mirror* correspondent. Miss Rosa says that not one dollar is due her company, and that every day never lapses.

Having fulfilled all the engagements of Favette, Charles W. Duffett, in the end of the Brooklyn week of that play, Jan. 25, will close the season. Miss Clayton will then come upon the work of completing her own play.

Last week, at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, a rather unusual performance was given for seats for Horlick. Looking over the plan, he selected two seats and then absconded. He was asked: "How near are you to the pulpit?"

J. K. Emmet has two trunks of wardrobe clothes gathered on his travels. They will be used in the revival of the original *Black and White*, which will take place at the Public Theatre of Music, where Mr. Emmet first produced the play fifteen years ago.

The Savoy Comedy company, which is playing Hamlet at the Windsor Hotel, has other plans that appear to be very ambitious. My Father, Remains The Father's Wife, Hamlet, and The Streets of New York.

Richard Fitzgerald, according to his custom, sent Harry New Year greetings to a score or more of managers and other professional friends throughout the country. He could not find the address of Mr. Wood, William Emmet, son of Colonel Emmet, who he remembered that the "old man" was very old and so he wrote.

At Pottsville, Pa., on Christmas Eve, Stage Manager W. D. Brown, of the Washington's, stopped by the theatre of the Moon company, and presented a letter from him with a good word for the company. It was so sudden that the manager, who was in the theatre, did not know what to do.

The 10th performance of The White will take place at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Saturday evening. There will be no success. As it has been generally stated that Ethel Smith is to play at the Fifth Avenue, the next performance of The White will probably take place at the Fifth Avenue.

At a Sunday afternoon performance of The Shadow of a Great Soul, at the Grand Opera House, General Armstrong, of the New York Cavalry, in Pittsburg, Kansas, arrived on the train for the first time. At the time he was in the audience, Mr. Emmet, and the influence on the success of the performance.

Frank L. Gardner and James M. Glover, the young English stage managers who have come to this country to superintend the production of Jack-in-the-Box, are at present arranging for the presentation of the play in Philadelphia on Jan. 25, and will be at the Union Square in this city. The play will probably begin at the Madison Square Theatre next Monday.

Louis Aldrich has engaged the following people to support him in his Farther, Charles Stanley, John E. Lee, Don Gallagher, Ella Talbot, Emma Jones, Charles Morris, Ed. White, Stuart Clarke, Frank Hall, F. J. Reynolds and J. P. Atwell. W. R. Felt will act as advance man, while E. C. Barry will be business manager. A week has already been booked at the New Windsor Theatre.

A new piece written by W. H. Miller and described as a burlesque comedy under the title of A Barber's Scrap, will take the road about the end of the month under the management of Frank Irving. The company will play northern New York en route for Canada, where the author is favorably known as the writer of the operatic burlesques "H. M. S. Parliament," which made a hit there during the Pinafore craze.

Little Corinne was the recipient of many gifts during the holidays. None pleased her so well as a doll, of German make, which she would not let go out of her hands while off the stage. Christmas was the little prima donna's birthday, and it was then that the avalanche of presents set in. The parlor of the Pennsylvania Hotel, at Pottsville, Pa., were used for them. The intrinsic value of the gifts were appraised at not less than \$3,000, and in number they far exceeded a hundred. Christmas was Corinne's twelfth birthday.

The scenery for Emmet's revival of Frits, Our Cousin German, will be painted by William Harper, of London. In speaking of this artist, Mr. Emmet says: "He painted the scenery of Frits in Ireland when I first produced it, seven years ago. That scenery lasted me five years on the road. The artist possesses some secret in the mixing his colors, or else some way of putting it on the canvas, for it seemed almost impossible to ruin it. I have known it to be soaked, and yet the colors did not run. It was burned up in a railroad fire, or otherwise I believe it would have lasted until this day."

The programme for the Dixey Ball at the Metropolitan Opera House, Thursday evening, promises to be most interesting. There will be a promenade concert from 7 to 11, at which latter hour dancing will begin. There will receive in the ladies' parlor from 12 o'clock. Special trains are to leave for Boston and Philadelphia, and the orchestra furnishing the music, and the illustrated decorations, a promenade will be in operation. Only full dress is allowed on the floor, while the ladies' lookers are obtainable in the family circle. \$2.50 and others in the family circle.

HAZEL KIRKE CO.: Sidney, O., 8; Paris, Ind., 9.
HELEN BANCROFT: Penn Yan, N. Y., 4, week;
week.
IN THE RANKE CO.: Erie, Pa., 11, 12, 13.

IDA MULLER: Boston, 4, week.
 IVY LEAF CO.: Cincinnati, 4, week; Buffalo, 27, 28, 29.
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STORM-BEATEN CO.: Detroit, 7, 8, 9; Chicago, 28, week.
 STANDARD DRAMATIC CO.: Watertown, Pa., 4, two weeks; Cortland, 18, week; Williamsport, Pa., 23, week; Elmira, N. Y., Feb. 1, week.
 STREETS OF NEW YORK CO.: Pittsburgh, 4, week; Baltimore, 11, week; Lancaster, Pa., 18; Harrisburg, 19, 20; Pottsville, 21; Reading, 22, 23; Scranton, 25; Pittsburg, 26; Wilkes-Barre, 27; Allentown, 28; Easton, 29; Trenton, N. J., 30; Philadelphia, Feb. 1, week.
 SILVER SPUR CO.: Montgomery, Ala., 2, 9; New Orleans, 11, week; St. Louis, 18, week; Louisville, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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More Pleasant Comments.

Boston Evening Traveller.

Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, the brilliant young editor of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, always succeeds in making the Christmas number of that paper a gem. This year he has surpassed himself. It is the finest one yet issued from that office, and contains contributions from some of the most prominent men and women of the stage, as well as writers of note and eminent ability. The numerous portraits and smaller pictures are superior to any that ever appeared in that paper before in the way of artistic finish and design. The supplement, which is a portrait of Miss Fanny Davenport, the beautiful and distinguished actress, is an exquisite piece of work, and well worth framing. The Christmas number could not be improved upon.

Albany Argus.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is a notable issue of an admirable journal. It presents, for the usual price, eighteen pages and a supplement and a number of excellent illustrations. The special contributions are sketches and stories by Frederick Paulding, Lotta, Joseph Haworth, Fred. Lennox, F. Federici, Cornelius Matthews, Fred. Lyster, Lizzie Evans, Edward Harrigan, Howard Paul, Nat. C. Goodwin and Victoria A. Schilling. On such an occasion as this the members of the dramatic profession show that they can wield a pen gracefully as well as wear the buskins with credit. A beautiful portrait of Miss Fanny Davenport accompanies the number.

Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

It has become the fashion for the various weekly publications to issue an extra Christmas number, and being a fashionable paper THE NEW YORK MIRROR has issued a very handsome Christmas edition, which has fully as elegant an appearance, and which contains fully as much choice reading matter, as the Christmas number of any weekly publication we have yet seen. There are eighteen pages of the special edition, containing a number of illustrations that are of the very greatest artistic excellence, besides a large amount of information of the doings of professionals, a story by Lizzie Evans and a large picture of Fanny Davenport. THE MIRROR has reason to feel proud of its latest. We wish it a happy and prosperous New Year.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE MIRROR's supplement is a handsome process portrait of Fanny Davenport, and the number is particularly strong in its recitals of experience by well known actors, who write remarkably well considering that writing is not their business. Joseph Haworth tells the touching story of John McCullough's last performance, and the rehearsal of "The Gladiator" that followed the final breakdown in Chicago; Nat Goodwin writes amusingly of his first appearance, and Victoria Morosini-Schilling and Lizzie Evans have stories.

Harrisburg (Penn.) Daily Patriot.

The holiday number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is as elaborate as it is admirable. It contains eighteen pages and a supplement with a life-size lithograph portrait of Fanny Davenport. The vast volume of space is filled with interesting matter, including choice poetry, sketches and correspondence, all written by members of the profession. Its typography is of the best, and the publishers of THE MIRROR are to be congratulated on having issued one of the finest numbers of a class periodical ever presented in this or any other country.

Savannah (Ga.) Daily Times.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR was a superb paper, filled with interesting news and excellent illustrations, and has for its representative in Savannah a very clever and enterprising young gentleman.

Champaign (Ill.) Democrat.

The annual Christmas numbers of THE NEW YORK MIRROR have always been revelations in typography, paper and press work. But this year's number even excels its predecessors. The cover is a handsome piece of work, being a winter scene, and besides the name of the paper has in the centre a picture of Helen Dauvray in One of Our Girls. The paper contains a number of poems and sketches by leading writers, besides the regular list of correspondents' reports and the contributions of the Usher and dear Giddy Gusher. The illustrations are scenes from Saints and Sinners, Hoodman Blind, and engravings of Harley Merry, the scenic artist, whose picture equals the finest photo; Bertha Welby and Marie Heath. The supplement is an engraving of Fanny Davenport on rich cardboard, and worthy of a place among the works of art. THE MIRROR, of which Harrison Grey Fiske is the editor, is the leading amusement journal of this country.

Allentown (Pa.) Chronicle and News.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is a beautiful specimen of typography. Besides a large supplement of Fanny Davenport as Fedora, which is suitable for framing, it contains portraits of Bertha Welby, Marie Heath, and Harley Merry; also full page scenes from Saints and Sinners and Hoodman Blind. The articles were written by some of the most prominent actors and actresses in the profession. Altogether it is an excellent number.

Macon (Ga.) Telegraph and Messenger.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR was superb. THE MIRROR is the finest dramatic paper in the world, and its representative in Macon is one of the cleverest young men connected with the press.

Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR has been received. It is very handsomely gotten up, and has a full-sheet separate portrait of Fanny Davenport, with facsimile of her signature thereon. It is a handsome picture and an excellent likeness. THE MIRROR is an old and standard periodical, full of interesting musical and theatrical news and gossip. Harrison Grey Fiske is the editor.

Boston Courier.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is an excellent paper. Besides its vast quantities of interesting information regarding the profession and entertaining articles, it contains several well executed pictures and a large and beautiful heliotype of Miss Fanny Davenport.

Lowell (Mass.) Daily Courier.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the best of dramatic papers, makes a special feature of its Christmas number. This year the holiday issue is of more than ordinary interest. A fine portrait of Fanny Davenport is given, and numerous illustrations. Original articles by well-known actors are numerous. Alto-

gether THE MIRROR people should be proud of the number.

Boston Sunday Globe.

Very ornate was the Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR. Many noted folk contributed to its generous pages and the dainty issue was greatly admired.

Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR proved one of the brightest, most interesting, and withal handsomest of the many holiday publications coming under our immediate notice. Its great merit should commend it to all readers of dramatic journals.

Baltimore Telegram.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is comprised of eighteen pages and supplement. The cover is of pretty design, the principal figure representing Miss Helen Dauvray, in the play One of Our Girls, and among the regular illustrations are portraits of Bertha Welby, Harley Merry and scenes from the very successful plays, Hoodman Blind and Saints and Sinners. The supplement is a magnificent photo of Miss Fanny Davenport. The literary contents of THE MIRROR include contributions of much interest, by Frederick Paulding, Joseph Haworth, Fred. Lyster, Howard Paul, Edward Harrigan, Victoria A. Schilling, Nat Goodwin and other well known representatives of the operatic and dramatic stage, and contains in addition the usual budget of news matter. The number is one of high merit and evidences the good taste and enterprise of Editor Fiske.

Fort Wayne (Ind.) World.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR was far ahead of anything it has yet attempted and fully illustrates the aggressiveness and enterprise of that paper. It contains sketches written by Nat C. Goodwin, Victoria A. Schilling, Joseph Haworth, Fred. Lennox, Lizzie Evans, Ed. Harrigan, Fay Templeton, Adelaide Moore and Fred. Paulding, all well known in the theatrical profession. Portraits of Helen Dauvray, Bertha Welby, Harley Merry and Marie Heath adorn its pages and a large and handsome portrait of Fanny Davenport forms a handsome supplement. Printed on the best of book paper, free from all typographical errors, its sixteen pages, replete with interesting matters peculiar to the stage, and drama—all form a paper that the publishers should be proud of; and but a cursory glance need be given to it to find the reason why it stands at the front of all journals devoted exclusively to the theatrical world.

Coldwater (Mich.) Republican.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR comes to us in holiday attire, and in real French plate. It contains excellent portraits of Helen Dauvray, Bertha Welby and others, and the pages are filled with reliable and interesting reading for those fond of things theatrical. It also contains a supplement of artistic merit—a portrait of Fanny Davenport mounted on heavy cardboard for framing.

Indianapolis (Ind.) Herald.

By far the handsomest Christmas number of any of the dramatic papers was that of THE NEW YORK MIRROR. It contains eighteen pages of excellently edited and arranged matter, and a very fine picture of Fanny Davenport, made after the artotype process. The paper is conceded to be the best on the list.

New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.

The Christmas issue of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is a unique and beautiful holiday production. Its pages are filled with stories and sketches by prominent actors and actresses, and it has several pages of illustrations of scenes from popular dramas. In a supplement is a full page portrait of Fanny Davenport. THE MIRROR is at the head of theatrical journalism.

Waterbury American.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR comes out with a very handsome holiday number, containing a choice engraving of Fanny Davenport as a supplement. The leading plays in New York are pictorialized and the reading throughout is unexceptionally good. THE MIRROR is an enterprising journal.

Kokomo (Ind.) Dispatch.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the leading journal of the American theatrical world, is before its readers. In typographical appearance, beauty of illustrations, excellence of subject matter, and magnitude of proportions, it is far ahead of all preceding undertakings, and well sustains its place at the head of dramatic journalism.

Chicago Music and Drama.

The illustrations in the Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR are simply beautiful. Our contemporary is a mirror in which any beauty might delight to see herself reflected.

Mamaroneck (N. Y.) Register.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is one of the handsomest publications yet issued by the proprietors of that enterprising journal, and who are to be congratulated upon their latest and most successful effort in providing a representative dramatic weekly in the interest of the profession.

Breese's Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR was a magnificent paper again this year. People in no way connected with or interested in the stage would do well to buy it, as the portrait of Fanny Davenport is worth ten times the price of the paper (ten cents) for framing. Harrison Grey Fiske, the editor of THE MIRROR, is an enterprising and enthusiastic journalist, and he is ever alive to the interests of the dramatic profession. Stage folks should not forget that he is a tried and trusty friend; indeed they do not, for THE MIRROR to-day is the best patronized and most reliable of all the journals devoted to the profession.

Professional Doings.

—Pauline Duffield, singing soubrette, ingenues or juveniles, is at liberty.

—The Elks Ball will be given on Jan. 14 at the Academy of Music. Extensive preparations are being made for the event.

—It is among the probabilities that The Tinted Venus will be produced by the Vokes Comedy Company during the last week of their stay at the Standard Theatre, which ends on the 16th inst.

—The Myra Goodwin Sis company were at the Crocker House, New London, Ct., Sunday night, when that hotel was almost totally destroyed by fire. The star and company had a very narrow escape. They saved most of their baggage. An offer of a benefit from Local Manager Delevan was declined.

—It has been stated that Walter Bentley was the husband of May Brooklyn Mr. Bentley denies that a marriage contract exists between himself and the lady, whatever the future may have in store.

—Oliver Byron has passed the hundredth performance of The Inside Track. The play promises to become as popular as Across the Continent. It meets with especial favor in the West, and return dates are in demand.

—A. S. Pennoyer writes that Rose Levere is an artistic success in Leah. In every town visited she has had requests to play return engagements. Miss Levere intended playing only two weeks, but she will stay out indefinitely. She plays in Albany this week.

—Adelaide Fitz-Allen, of Rhea's support, receives excellent notices for her performance of Louise in From Frou. At the age of five, while a pupil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Miss Fitz-Allen delivered the address to the then Archbishop McCloskey.

—On Monday night, Manager F. G. Prescott, of the Third Avenue Theatre, was presented with a gold-headed silk umbrella by the employees of the front of the house. Door-keeper King made the presentation speech, at the same time giving Mrs. Prescott a beautiful basket of flowers.

Laura Bigger.

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